

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXIX—NUMBER 8.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1933.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

J. Tyler is in Connecticut on business this week.

H. Spearin left Saturday for a week's fishing at Moosehead Lake.

Master John Cutler has gone to North Paris to visit his aunt, Mrs. G. King.

Mrs. Alice Edwards was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leroy Hamlin, for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bennett and family were Sunday callers at Ernest Brown's in Albany.

Durward Mason went to Columbia, N. H. Monday, where he has work with E. F. Peterkin.

Miss Eugenia Haselton is assisting with the work at the home of S. Greenleaf for two weeks.

Mrs. E. C. Park was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Mason, Boston over Memorial Day.

Mrs. Alice Skillings Robinson was a guest of her mother at Wakefield, Mass., over Memorial Day.

Miss Tyler of Boston and Miss Tyler of Portland were at her home here over the week end.

Mr. John Philbrook went to Grand Thursday to attend the funeral of her son-in-law, Dr. F. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown of Boston were the week end guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Holbrook of Lynn, Mass., were guests at D. H. Spearin's over the week end and Memorial Day.

Miss G. N. Sanborn went to Boston last week to attend the graduation exercises of her daughter, Faye Sanborn.

Miss Ruby Thurston and Mrs. Brown are at the Thurston place at Richardson Lake for a few days this week.

Second Hand Easy Washing Machine, \$15. Lyons. adv.

Miss Olive Bowdoin of Bates, Portland, and John L. Row, of Hebron spent the holiday at their homes in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Tripp and family arrived Sunday afternoon and spent the holiday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hanno Packard.

Mr. D. M. Forbes returned to home in Rumford Wednesday afternoon after spending several months at the home of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip O'Keefe of Danvers, Mass., were at W. F. Hood's over the week end, visiting Hood's brother, Dr. Ralph O. Hood.

Miss Elizabeth Griffin was in Auburn Sunday to see her sister, Martha Martin. Mrs. Griffin accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. Berry.

Miss Leslie Davis and daughters, Mrs. H. C. Rockwell, have been ordered to the Portsmouth Navy Yard for the annual maneuvers between June 11 and 24.

Miss Lula French of Portland is the home of her sister, Mrs. C. Fox, and is assisting in the care of their father, Mr. Bryant, who is seriously ill.

Harry Jordan suffered a severe fall up and bruises Monday morning when the folding stairs in his camp gave way, leaving him about seven feet and striking his arm of a chair.

Those from out of town who attended the funeral services of Mr. Burke were: Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Millan, N. H.; Charles Burke, at; Mrs. Castle Simpson and sister, Mrs. Jennie Murray, of Portland.

GOULD AND NORWAY DECIDE TITLE MON.

Gould Has Chance To Cop County Baseball Title By Victory

Gould Academy and Norway High School, leaders in the Oxford County schoolboy baseball league will meet Monday evening at 5:30 p. m., daylight time, at Norway in a deciding game. Gould Academy has to its credit five wins and two losses, while Norway has six wins and one loss. Should Gould win on Monday the leaders would be tied at six wins and two losses each.

On Wednesday, Gould lost to Fryeburg 5 to 4, and Norway lost to South Paris 6 to 2. Should Gould win Monday a play-off will be scheduled between the two teams to decide the league championship. The tenseness of this situation will draw many local supporters to Norway to witness this game at 5:30 Monday.

LOCAL GIRL TO GRADUATE FROM MISSOURI COLLEGE

Miss Annette Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chapman of Grand, will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts at commencement exercises of Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Monday morning.

Miss Chapman has spent the last four years at Lindenwood, and has participated in many activities of the college.

At the recent May fete, given by the senior and junior classes, Miss Chapman was one of those selected for the graceful garland dance, welcoming the Queen, who was Miss Jane Bagnell, of Nelson, Mo.

It was a colorful ceremony, on the campus in front of Old Sibley Hall, which has stood since 1852 and links Lindenwood with its founder, Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley, who began this school for girls in 1827.

Miss Chapman was among the guests at the recent annual senior luncheon given in St. Louis, at the Missouri Athletic Association, by President and Mrs. John L. Roemer. There are 48 girls in the class.

DR. FRANK I. BROWN

Dr. Frank I. Brown of South Portland passed away suddenly at his home Sunday afternoon, following an automobile ride.

Born at Bethel, Oct. 27, 1860, the son of Robbins and Aelma Barker Brown, Dr. Brown taught school before entering the practice of medicine. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1885 and was an outstanding oarsman for that college. He was principal of Norway High School and at Hopkinton, Mass.

The next year after he began the practice of medicine at South Portland he was elected to the School Board and has served continuously since that time. His interest in education was a happy one in that it embraced the viewpoints of both citizens and the scholars. For many years he was treasurer of the high school athletic association of which he was one of the organizers.

Dr. Brown was a past master of Hiram Lodge of Masons, a member of Bayard Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and an officer and director of the South Portland Building and Loan Association.

Dr. Brown married Mrs. Edith Philbrook of Bethel, who survives him. He also leaves one son, Dwight, and two brothers: Fred of Peabody, Mass., and William of Haverhill, Mass.

Funeral services will be held at his late home today.

BOOKS ADDED TO BETHEL LIBRARY IN MAY

Farewell to Arms, Ernest Hemingway

Miss C. Chapman

The Ransom, Grace Livingston Hill

The Westwood Mystery, A. Fielding

Gold Brick Island, J. J. Connington

As Earth Turns, G. H. Carroll

Grand Canyon, A. J. Cronin

Pascal's Mill, Ben Ames Williams

Andrew Jackson, Marquis James

Always a Grand Duke, Alexander Grand Duke of Russia

Peggy Eaton, Queena Pollock

MARK TRAFTON BURKE

Mark Trafton Burke passed away at the home of his brother, T. B. Burke on Paradise Hill Thursday, May 25, at 7 p. m., following an illness of about six months.

Mr. Burke was born in Dummer, N. H., June 25, 1856, the son of Charles and Pamela Kimball Burke, and for the greater part of his life he lived in his native town where he leaves a host of friends.

Mr. Burke was a home loving person, a kind and loving neighbor, one who lived a life of helpful service.

About seven years ago he came to Bethel to live with his brother where he has been kindly cared for. Mrs. David Forbes, a niece, has been in constant attendance at his bedside. He is survived by one brother, T. B. Burke of Bethel, besides several nieces and nephews.

The funeral service was held from Greenleaf's funeral room Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. L. A. Edwards. Interment was at Riverside Cemetery.

"IL TROVATORE" STUDIED BY "BETHEL MUSICIANS"

The "Bethel Musicians," with their leader, Miss Daisy Chase, met Wednesday, May 21, at Mrs. Gorman's for their monthly music club meeting. The opera, "Il Trovatore," by Verdi was studied. A sketch of the composer's life was read by Katherine Davis and themes from the opera were played by Phyllis Davis.

A contest is in progress and the losing side will entertain the winning side in September. The memory contest—chorus—was in order, and each member's memory was tested orally and by playing given examples on the piano. A social time was enjoyed as usual. The club song was sung in closing.

The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Doris Bryant's the last Tuesday in June. The chosen composer will be Offenbach. Miss Arlene Greenleaf and Miss Barbara Hall will play one of his compositions at that time.

FORTY-FOUR CLASS HOLDS LAST SERVICE AT ODD FELLOWS HALL, W. PARIS

The Forty-Four class held its last service of the season at Odd Fellows Hall Sunday morning and was exceptionally well attended, 217 being present. The Lady class from South Paris attended in a body as did the Masonic Lodges from Bryant Pond and West Paris also the Odd Fellows from West Paris. Several outside towns were represented as well as some from out of the state. The average attendance since organization last October has been nearly one hundred. The class had been building a band stand and will give weekly outdoor musical concerts during the summer months.

Miss Margaret Herrick of Augusta was at home over Memorial Day.

SMALL ATTENDANCE AT SERVICES ON MEMORIAL DAY

Patriotic Societies Carry Out Programs During Rainy Day

Despite unfavorable weather the Memorial Day program was carried out as planned by the local patriotic orders. On Tuesday morning a delegation from the American Legion, Sons of Union Veterans and Auxiliary went to East Bethel, where they were joined by members of the Jackson Silver Post, American Legion, and firing squad from Locke Mills. After a short service in the cemetery the following program was held in the church, which was decorated with flags, crepe paper, and potted plants:

Prayer, Rev. Edwin Parlin

Near the Heavenly Camp Ground, Ralph Winslow

Memorial Day, Harry Smith

Memorial Day Resolutions, James Billings

Memorial Day, Albin Smith

A Tribute to Our Dead Heroes, Malcolm Farwell

Our Flag, Shirley Merrill

Blue and Gray, Nathan Foster

The Flag, Edwin Holt

The Vagrant Chair, Mary Farwell

They are Waiting on the Shore, Reba Hatfield

Our Flag, Warren Smith

Battle Hymn of the Republic, Grammar school girls

Somebody's Darling, Louise Farrar

Faded Coat of Blue, Frances Billings

Battle of Gettysburg, Hazel Billings

Here's to the Flag, Mildred Smith

Pageant, School children

Memorial address, Rev. Edwin Parlin

At 1:30 the patriotic organizations, Boy Scouts, and school children met at the Legion Hall and marched to the monument where a short service was held as follows:

Prayer, Mr. Parlin

Gettysburg Address, Paul Browne

America, Audience

Salute, Locke Mills firing squad

Taps, Richard Young

The procession then led to Odion Hall where the following program was presented:

Selection, Bluebird Orchestra

Solo, Arthur Dudley, with Mrs. Erma Young at the piano

Prayer, Mr. Parlin

Selection, Orchestra

Address, Gerald Cushing of Hebron Academy

GOULD ACADEMY Notice and Invitation

The program for commencement week at Gould Academy is printed herewith.

All alumni and friends of the school are cordially invited to attend these exercises. It should be understood, however, that children below the 5th grade are not expected to attend the reception. Exception should be made only in case of brothers or sisters of the graduates.

Reservations for the Alumni Luncheon should be made at once, in order that those in charge may know how many to provide for. Why not attend to this now?

Program for Commencement Week Sunday, June 4, 3 p. m. Daylight Time—Baccalaureate Service at Congregational Church.

Thursday, June 8, 10 a. m. Daylight Time—Graduation Exercises at William Bingham Gymnasium.

Thursday, June 8, 1 p. m. Daylight Time—Alumni Luncheon and Reunion at Marlan Lane Gehring Students' Home. (All who attend are requested to meet at the Academy at 12:30.)

Thursday, June 8, immediately after the Luncheon, Annual Baseball Game, Gould vs. Alumni, on the Athletic Field.

Thursday, June 8, 8:30 p. m. Daylight Time—Annual Reception of Graduating Class to Alumni and Friends at William Bingham Gymnasium.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

Questions

- 1 Name the newly appointed Secretary of Commerce.
- 2 Where and what is the longest river in the world?
- 3 Who discovered radium?
- 4 What is a large mass of ice and snow moving slowly over a land surface called?
- 5 What is given to the soil by clover and alfalfa?
- 6 From what animal is mutton obtained?
- 7 What race were the Mohicans?
- 8 How many leaves does poison ivy have?
- 9 Why is spinach thought to be good for people?
- 10 What prophet was taken to God in a chariot of fire?

Answers to Last Week's Questions

- 1 Cordell Hull.
- 2 Ten miles west of Denver, Colo.
- 3 A. Conan Doyle.
- 4 Her many beautiful hymns.
- 5 Rattlesnake.
- 6 Steel.
- 7 They will fall the same.
- 8 That it is lucky to find one.
- 9 The heart.
- 10 Enoch. (Gen. 5:24, Heb. 11:5.)

SUNDAY RIVER

Roland and Nettie Fleet visited at Lloyd O'Brien's, Cumberland, Sunday.

Roger Foster is working for Leslie Davis.

Plenty of fishermen, but not many fish caught.

Mrs. Bessie Reynolds has a young fox which she is bringing up in the house.

Mrs. Bessie Reynolds visited her mother, Mrs. James Spinney, at Bethel last Sunday.

Spring's work is going on fine, but it is too cold for seeds to do well.

Hazen Sweeney has set 90 turkey eggs under hens.

R. L. Foster worked on the road last week.

Ramsey Reynolds has bought Robert Foster's truck.

Deferred

Harold Bennett of Bethel was at J. Reynolds' on business Tuesday.

R. M. Bean plowed for Harold Bennett quite recently.

C. O. Demerit and family of Bethel were at their camp in Ketchum Sunday.

Harold Eoman with friends from Rumford was here Sunday.

Charlie Frost is helping Roland Fleet with his spring's work.

A party from Connecticut was here Monday fishing.

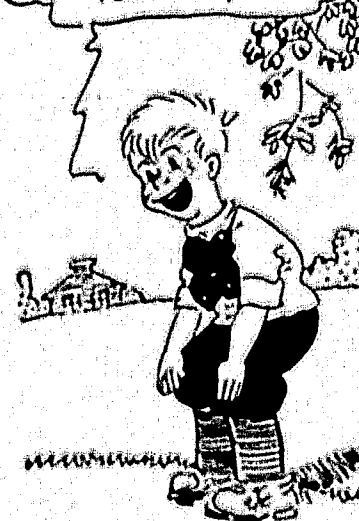
H. P. Austin was in this place Wednesday.

R. L. Foster has finished work on the road.

Gertrude Thurlow with a friend called at J. Spinney's recently.

MICKIE SAYS

A BUSINESS FIRM THAT QUITS ADVERTISING WHEN TRADE IS SLOW IS LIKE THE FISHERMAN WHO QUITS PUTTING BAIT ON HIS HOOK WHEN FISH ARE HARD TO CATCH—ONLY THERE AINT NO FISHERMAN SO FOOLISH!



He Lived in South Africa 75,000,000 Years Ago



William F. E. Gurley (left), honorary curator of the Walker museum at the University of Chicago, and Paul C. Miller, curator, looking over the fossil remains of a parasaurodon which roamed the Karoo desert in South Africa some 75,000,000 years ago. Only two such specimens have ever been discovered in modern times and both are in possession of the Walker museum.

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

ONLY A DOG

(Prize winning poem in contest conducted by "Our Dumb Animals," Written by Kenneth Beach Johnson of Plaquemont, Ohio.)

"Only a dog,"
The motorist said,
As he onward sped;
Leaving the dog in the roadway—
dead,
Only a dog—I had loved and fed.

Only a dog,
We laid him away;
Only a dog,
But I tried to pray:
Goodbye, old pal—was all I could say.
Only a dog—but I cried that day.

Only a dog,
But a faithful friend,
Only a dog,
And I could depend
On his love and trust to the very end,
Only a dog—but you comprehend.

Only a dog,
And I know he'll be
Only a dog,
Waiting faithfully—
Waiting to welcome me gleefully—
Only a dog—for eternity.

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES

The good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile.

As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and her hands the while;

The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe between his lips,
And all he'd mused and all he'd lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit;
Nothing has done very well this year.
Money is bound to be hard to get.
Everything's sure to be very dear.

How the cattle are going to feed,
How we're to keep the boys at school.

In a kind of debit and credit sum
I can't balance by any rule."

She turned her around from the baking board,
And also faced him there with a cheerful laugh;

"Why, husband, dear, one would really think

That the good rich wheat was only chaff,
And what if the wheat is only chaff,
So long as we are both well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit—
But—somehow or other we get along.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat.
But when the storm and the pain are o'er
The sunshine is sure to be twice as sweet.

Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear and had to wait,
But, somehow or other, we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us 'father' and 'mother,'
And all of them living and doing well.

We owe no man a penny, my dear;
Are both of us loving, and well, and strong.
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we have got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh,
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."

She left him there with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song.

A song that's followed me many a year—
"Somehow or other we get along!"

MAN AND HIS SHOES

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a sole may lose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight

By cobblers. Both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold.
And both in time all turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men

The first shall be last; and when the shoes wear out they're mended new;
And when men wear out they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon; and both will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their toes; and both in-ellings.

When polished in the world to shine;
And both get out—and would you choose
To be a man, or be like shoes?

MILTON

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Lord and daughter are staying at her father's, Walter Millett's.

Mrs. Addie Lapham has been visiting her son, Cuvier Jackson at Bryant Pond the past week.

Harry Billings is getting ready to build where he was burned out last winter.

Llewellyn Buck has been working for Howard Thornton cutting oak.

Mrs. J. H. Akeley has been having a summer kitchen and porch put onto her house. Harry Stevens did the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morton of South Paris were callers at Mrs. Addie Lapham's Sunday.

John Swett of South Paris and his son and daughter were callers at Clarence Jackson's Sunday.

E. S. Swan is boarding at Will Dyer's.

Alf Coffin and family of Pinhook were week end visitors at her father's, Walter Millett's.

According to the record of 90 Maine poultrymen summarized by the Extension Service, the average labor return per bird was \$2.22. In spite of lower prices, poultry continued to be one of the most profitable enterprises on Maine farms.

WEEK END Special Values

--Friday and Saturday Only--

Water Lily Peanut Butter, 2 lb Jar, 23c

Surf Rider Pineapple, half slices, No. 2 1/2 can, 18c

Water Lily Grapefruit, 15c

Flavoripe Peaches, No. 2 1/2 can, 2 cans 28c

Parlor Pride Brooms, 37c

Babbitt's Cleanser, 10c

Can Babbitt's Lye FREE

Ammonia, 13c

Oote's Magic Water, 23c

Satin Gloss Stove Polish, 13c

Flash, 13c

COMPLETE LINE OF MEATS

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HEATING-PLUMBING

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

and millwork to order

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Without an expensive operation through the use of Prescriptions which has been in constant use for years by hundreds of physicians in the successful treatment of hemorrhoids, itching and bleeding. It is a wonderfully effective, acting and positively safe remedy. It may be easily and quickly used in the home, and self treated without loss of time or expense. Price large size, full ment tube \$1.00 at your drug or mail order where in plain per on receipt of \$1.00 by D. Laboratories, Holton, Kansas. relief is not secured after using tube, money will be promptly refunded. Accept no substitutes.

A-VOL for Headache

This new, harmless, non-toxic tablet endorsed and prescribed by thousands of physicians and instantly relieves severe headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, dental or rheumatic pain. Sold on a positive money guarantee. At your drug store from the D. P. G. LABORATORIES, Holton, Kansas.

COO Ask your Barber or Shop Operator about

The Greatest Ever

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service.)

FOR twenty years the woman known as "Aunt Em" had sold newspapers in the doorway of a haberdasher's shop in the theater section of New York's Broadway.

A broker who bought papers from her on the fly had nicknamed her that because she reminded him of an "Aunt Em" who had reared him. Like most happy misnomers, it stuck. Aunt Em's real name was well, no matter. There was something short and stout and matronly about the appellation "Aunt Em." Something kind and wholesome. The name fitted the little woman in the decent black and the straw poke bonnet which she wore both winter and summer as she sold newspapers to the dying world that hurried past her doorway.

Every evening at five, rain, snow, shine, storm, Aunt Em stood shouting her wares in her doorway. When the last theater light blinked out, she wrapped up her loose change in a red handkerchief, tucked under her folding camp chair for that purpose and with her daughter, Wenda, who called for her, marched her way home.

In a way, Aunt Em was quite a character about that busy neighborhood. In the quick tide of its ebb and flow she had known great people by sight (some as customers), and hundreds of clerks and petty folk on their way to subway and train nodded to Aunt Em their good morning as they tossed their pennies, snatched their dailies, and ran.

That little tucked-in corner in the doorway had yielded Aunt Em twenty years of livelihood. Enough, mind you, to rear into successful maturity six offspring with whom she had struggled, a widow, through years so lean, some of them, that the butters in her face still showed the ravages of pain, deprivation, even hunger.

All that was changed now. Five of the six children had left the nest, three sons and two daughters, married, and were on their own. A fairly prosperous little flock of petty trades people, set up here and there about the great city in such small enterprises as stationer's shop, fruit stand or notion store. All of them given their start, too, by willing, if lean contributions from the old lady's change handkerchief.

When she was sixty Aunt Em might well have felt entitled to sit back and let those for whom she had toiled through the years do some of the toiling for her.

That was what lay heavily on the heart of Wenda, the only unmarried one of the flock. Of course the others all offered to contribute to the upkeep of the old woman, but somehow, to Wenda, who felt passionately about it, there was something half-hearted about the profferings of the sons and daughters and the in-laws.

In her heart, Wenda felt bitter toward these brothers and sisters. It did not seem to twist their hearts the way it did hers to see the old woman standing humped in her doorway, shouting.

Not that the old woman could be easily dissuaded from her labors. On the contrary, Wenda had occasion to know that all too emphatically. After all, on her own earnings as stenographer at twenty-eight dollars a week, Wenda was well able to take the burden of the labor of long hours, outdoor exposure, to say nothing of the mental aspect of the work, off her mother's shoulders.

Night after night, calling for her mother after theater hours, Wenda argued with her along these lines. It was rather an incongruous spectacle to see the girl and the woman huddled there together in the doorway. Wenda, who had a pretty, eager sort of face, as if she were smelling at a star, and who was attired in all the mock splendor of the New York office girl, wrapping the old news woman carefully across the shoulders in the knitted jacket she had worn for years and stacking the unsold newspapers in

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Sunday, May 28, Memorial Sunday, and throughout our land this Sunday will be consecrated to the memory of our honored dead, many of whom sleep in foreign lands, to the end faithful to their trust. It is to their memory we again make the pledge, "We shall not forget."

Union Cemetery here at South Woodstock was visited by many Sunday, many beautiful flowers were placed on the graves of loved ones.

The many friends of Robert Farrington are most pleased to learn he has secured the position of shipping clerk for the Stowell mill at Bryant Pond.

The Union school boys have had their lessons so well learned lately they won the approval of the teacher, Miss Hendrickson, who allowed them to take that promised trip to North Woodstock to play ball with the "Finhookers." They had a great time. Cheers were in order all the way home, so great was their happiness in winning out. They forgot there is still a rubber game pending at some later date when the rah-rahs then will proclaim the true victory.

The "Molly Ocketts" held a pow-wow Sunday afternoon on the home battlefield. Several of the young braves had received special notice to be present as initiatory services and council would be given to all tenderfoots in attendance. An exciting skirmish was held later. Just practice work for future battles on the baseball diamond.

Isaac Thorn has moved his family to Curtis Hill. Their children will now attend Union School at South Woodstock.

Mrs. Kate Whitman and Marion Fields of West Paris were recent callers at the Davis Homestead, also Mrs. Inez Thorn of Bryant Pond. Gaydon Davis was in Auburn and Lewiston Monday on a business trip.

"Joe" Barrett is visiting his mother at Rumford, also calling on other relatives.

Mrs. Velma Brown Davis is visiting at the Brown and Austin home at Bryant Pond this week.

Mrs. Inez Ring and Miss Blanche Ring of West Paris were calling in the place recently.

L. R. and Mrs. David Randolph are living on the late Henry Whitman place where they intend to make their home. A new house will be built where the old house was burned and as fast as circumstances will allow other improvements are to be made.

Joseph Timothy Bryant of this place, while visiting his niece, Mrs. Lora Herrick of West Paris, met with a most peculiar and painful accident. While eating dinner a small piece of ham became lodged in his throat and being unable to dislodge the obstruction Mr. Bryant was taken to a hospital in Lewiston where he was soon relieved, and in a few days returned home.

Their corner of the doorway where, by arrangement, a small boy called for them before supper.

Sometimes Wenda had to admit to herself that it was the sting of the social stigma that went with her mother's occupation, almost as much as the desire to spare her effort, that prodded her on to renunciation.

"Mamma, how do you think a girl feels having a newsboy for a mother?"

"Go along! A newsboy for a mother was what kept enough warm milk in your baby bottle to make you what you are."

"You're entitled to rest now."

"Yes? My boys and girls got enough struggle to raise their own families."

"I'll never marry. What follow, the land I'd like, if I like any, would marry into a newsboy's family? On my salary I could come home evenings to a home with a supper on the table instead of having to buy my mother's out newsboy."

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich and daughter Lois from Portsmouth, N. H., were week end and holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Whitman and family and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitman and son Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Stearns and son Karl enjoyed a pleasant call at "Grayloft," the delightful summer home of Miss Agnes Gray, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich motored to Milan, N. H., Monday and were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Whitman, who called on relatives in that town.

Mrs. Cleve Waterhouse and two children enjoyed a visit at South Woodstock with relatives Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Barnard from Bellows Falls, Vt., were week end and holiday guests at Mr. and Mrs. Maurice F. Tyler's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds of the silver fox farm in Sunday River Valley, called at N. A. Stearns' one evening last week, bringing with them the dearest little pet fox, five weeks old, a perfect specimen of an older fox and as tame and gentle as a kitten.

George Bennett of West Bethel was calling on friends in this place recently.

NEWRY CORNER

Mrs. Karl Thurston and Mrs. Florence Gould of Errol, N. H., were callers in town Monday.

S. T. Tripp and Leslie Fuller have been at work for E. G. Warren.

Harry Kerr of South Paris was in town recently painting Socony gasoline pumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brown of Portland called on friends in town Sunday while on their way to the lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Corey, Mrs. James Hooper and daughter Rachel of Rangeley spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Warren.

Mark and Philip Arsenault returned from Shediac, New Brunswick, May 26, after being called there by the critical illness of their father. Mr. Arsenault died Saturday night.

UPTON

The entertainment given by the schools Monday evening, May 29, was a great success. The Primary School had two plays, with the children representing flowers, grasses, sunbeams, butterfly, bumblebee and Mother Nature. Their costumes were made accordingly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Willard of Bryant Pond will run the Birch Point Camps this summer. They are staying at one of the camps at present.

R. B. M. Cook of Port Chester, N. Y., and some of his friends have been spending a few days at the Red Spot Fishing Club. Another party is expected there this week.

BRYANT POND

Memorial Day exercises passed off well and there seemed to be the usual crowd here for all that it was a rainy day. Everyone enjoyed the speaker, Mr. L. A. Edwards, and the exercises by the school children.

The 44 Class Band of West Paris gave some very fine selections. Dinner was served in the Grange dining room by the Ladies Auxiliary.

Miss Lena Felt of Auburn was here over Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Crosswell and Myrtle and Ralph Bacon of Boston came Monday night, returning home Tuesday afternoon.

Will Young and Mrs. Bertha Houghton of Somerville, Mass., were the guests of her mother, Mrs. Annah Perham, from Sunday until Tuesday afternoon.

Arthur Cushman of Somerville spent Memorial Day with his father, Frank Cushman.

Miss Ruby Willard, who has been teaching at Ryegate, Vt., came home Saturday for her summer vacation.

Her grandmother, Mrs. McInam, who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. R. F. Willard, went back with her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Willard have gone to Upton where he is caretaker of some camps.

Minton Patterson of Southern Pines, N. C., has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ned Swan.

James Billings and Manning Arata went fishing on Richardson Lake over the week end.

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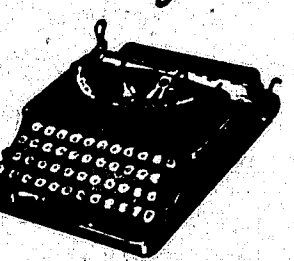
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PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
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CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
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George Stearns, Hanover
Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond
John Tebbets, Locke Mills
Vernon Inman, West Paris

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1933

WEST BETHEL

Mrs. Warren Martin of Harrison
and son Dean of South Paris were
guests of her sister, Mrs. Lottie
Hutchinson, one day last week.

Cleve Bell had the misfortune to
cut his hand quite badly while cut-
ting seed potatoes. It required
several stitches to close the cut.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cady of Gor-
ham, N. H., were guests of Mrs.
Estella Goodridge last Monday.

Mrs. Lou Hamilton of Portland
was in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jordan and
son Melville of Auburn were in
town Sunday calling on old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boster of
Norway were at Goodridge Cottage
Sunday.

Miss Laura Hutchinson of He-
bron was home over the holiday.

George Logan of Albany was the
guest of his aunt, Mrs. Carlton
Saunders, a few days last week.

Warren Bean has purchased a
truck from C. M. Bennett.

Lolon Hutchinson is on a camp-
ing trip at Rangeley Lake.

Mrs. Paul Head and son John
and Miss Alice Barker were guests
of Mrs. Hutchins at Rumford one
day last week.

A number of men from here are
at work for Marshall Hastings in
the bog.

Mrs. Fret Lavejoy has finished
work at the mill in Locke Mills.

The school entertainment which
was held at the Grange Hall last
Thursday evening was a decided
success and enjoyed by all who at-
tended.

Fred Scribner and daughter Beth
of Albany were guests of his sis-
ter, Mrs. Cora Brown, Tuesday.

Clarence Bennett was in Portland
Monday.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

The Middle Intervale Farm Bu-
reau met with Mrs. Robert Satur-
day, May 27th. "Know Your Gro-
ceries" was the project and was
made very interesting by the H. D.
A., Miss Ada Brewster.

Herbert Carter has been spend-
ing a few days at his home in Mid-
dle Intervale.

Augustus Carter had employment
the past week at Moses Davis's.

Harold Bartlett took a trip to
Waterville last Thursday.

Harry Carter of Berlin called at
Mrs. Fannie Carter's Tuesday.

B. W. Kimball went to New
Hampshire Wednesday, called there
by the illness of his son, Lawrence
Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bean of Hollows
Falls, Vt., were callers at Mrs. Fan-
nie Carter's Monday.

A man who has traveled both
roads tells me the road to success
is invariably up hill and is not kept
in condition easy for travel. But
that the road that leads to hell and
destruction is invariably kept in
good condition, well dragged and
always on the down hill grade.

The Actress Incognito

By H. IRVING KING

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WNY Service

THERE was a touch of the the-
atrical about her as she passed
with her swaying gait down the
lobby of the hotel. Just a touch, not
a loud pronouncement. It was a
hotel on a Florida beach; a mod-
erate-priced, retiring, restful sort
of place, just suited to its patrons
who came year after year.

Of course, every year there were
a few new faces. This season the
new faces were those of Rosalie
Maltravers and Charles Burdick.
Rosalie was the girl with the the-
atrical touch about her and Charles
was the young man who sat watch-
ing her intently as she strode
through the hotel lobby.

It was whispered that she was a
celebrated actress down there in-
cognito.

As for Charles Burdick, his man-
ner and clothes were so perfect that
it had been decided that he was a
young man of "wealth and fashion."

On the third evening after the
arrival of the perfectly equipped
and perfectly mannered Mr. Bur-
dick, he and the celebrated actress
Incognito sat on the veranda of the
hotel.

"Somehow, do you know, Miss
Maltravers," said Charles, "your
face seems familiar to me. Now
where could I have seen you?"

Rosalie gave a little gasp and
replied, "Oh, dear. It's no use for
me to try to hide away—and just
rest. People will recognize me. I
may as well admit that I'm merely
an actress, seeking quiet retirement
in this delightful and obscure place
to recover from the nervous strain
caused by my exacting work."

"Acting must be hard work," re-
plied Charles. "No wonder so many
actors and actresses suffer from
nervous breakdowns. May I go so
far as to ask your stage name?"

"Ah," laughed Rosalie, "that I may
not—or will not—tell you. It would
be all over the hotel in half an hour
and I should have no peace. And
may I add that you yourself, Mr.
Burdick, appear to be somewhat of
a mystery, according to the gossip
of the hotel? Tell me your real
name."

"Really," replied Charles, "I must
have my secrets as well as your-
self. I, too, seek peace and not
publicity."

After that Charles and Rosalie
were together so much that every-
body in the resort considered the
affair as settled.

Never, never had the guests at
the little hotel enjoyed their sojourn
there so much. They wrote off reams
of letters to their friends in the
North about it. The love-making of
Rosalie and Charles progressed rap-
idly, but after that first talk of theirs
they let the mystery of their real
identity stand as it was—as if there
was no mystery. Or was it that all
other mysteries were swallowed up
in the mystery of love? Sometimes
Rosalie would have a moody spell;
sit silently, evidently thinking deep-
ly and letting Charles do all the
talking.

One evening as they sat in the
hotel garden, the moon shining on
the sea and a gentle wind waving
the Spanish mass upon the live oak
trees, Rosalie after one of these fits
of meditation said, "Charles, I am
almost tempted to tell you my real
name."

"You need not, dearest," replied
Charles, "unless you want to. It
makes no difference. It is you that
I care about. You are all the world
to me. You know it. Now, then,
will you marry me?"

Rosalie turned her head aside and
said softly, "What would your
wealthy family say to your marry-
ing an actress? In some quarters
there is still prejudice against the
stage, you know."

"Nonsense," answered Charles,
"that sort of thing vanished long
ago. Again I ask, will you marry
me?"

"What I have told you who I
am, if you will want me, I will."

"Don't bother," replied Charles.
"I know who you are. You are that
demure little stenographer who
works for Hayden and Blankford in
the Magathum building and are
down here taking a vacation, the
first in years. I have often seen
you in the elevator, or passed you

in the hall, but you never would
look at me."

"You horrid thing," sobbed Rosa-
lie. "Why didn't you tell me you
knew me at once and not let me
make a fool of myself passing as an
actress. But you needn't think your-
self so smart. You are that young
lawyer who has an office on the top
floor and I have known you all
along. But I didn't imagine that you
knew me. And, oh, I always did
long to be an actress."

"You are a perfect actress, dar-
ling," replied Charles soothingly,
"but as you remarked when we first
met down here, good acting is a
great strain on the nervous system.
What say, Miss Ruth Mathews—
shall we go back to New York and
get married? Business is pretty
good with me; you won't have to
work any more."

Of course, Ruth, alias Rosalie,
eventually said yes. But at the same
time she told Charles that she doubt-
ed if she ever could really forgive
him for the way he had deceived
her in Florida.

SONGO POND

Mr. and Mrs. Bill DeCosta of So.
Paris called at Floyd Kimball's
Sunday.

Floyd Kimball, Urbain Deconier,
and Albert Kimball and Clayton
Kendall of West Bethel were in
Lewiston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayman and daugh-
ter of Waterford have moved into
Charles Kimball's rent that used
to be the Ed Good place.

E. O. Donahue is helping Carl
Penley with his farming.

George Brown has finished his
work for A. B. Kimball and has re-
turned to West Bethel with his
family.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kimball and
daughter and Kermit Sweeney were
callers at Mr. and Mrs. George
Brown's Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Palmer, the superin-
tendent of schools, was a business
visitor at Leslie Kimball's one day
last week.

Mrs. Mary Brown, Mrs. Beatrice
Grover and little Leland Brown
were callers at Mrs. Rose Penley's
and Mrs. Floyd Kimball's last
week.

Mrs. Wendall Barker and son
Herbert called on Mrs. Edward
Lapham Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Inman and
family have moved to their home
at the town house.

Zenas Merrill, Ina Good, Celia
Gorman and daughter were in town
Monday night.

Fred Murphy is shingling for A.
B. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thompson and
son and Charlie Conner called on
Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kimball and
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kimball one
evening last week.

Aroostook County with a total
value of crops and livestock of
\$54,350,723 holds second place
among all counties in the United
States according to a list compiled
by the Bureau of the Census based
on 1929 valuations. Los Angeles
County, California, is first with
\$90,706,077. With the exception of
Yakima, Washington, Lancaster,
Pennsylvania, and Aroostook, the
fourteen counties heading the list
are in California.

NEW EVENING DRESSES \$5.95

New Line of WASH SILKS, \$1.98

WHITE COATS \$5.95 \$2.95

WHITE HATS, \$1.00 and \$1.75

MRS. HARRY LYON'S

Main Street, Bethel

EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Orvane Millett of
South Paris were Memorial Day
guests of G. K. Hastings and fam-
ily.

Exercises were held at the church
Memorial Day conducted by Rev.
Elwyn Parlin and the school chil-
dren.

The drama, "Deacon Dubbs," was
presented Friday night at the
Grange Hall and was met with a
large attendance, as also was the
dance which followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bean of Hollows
Falls, Vt., and Ben Kimball were
Memorial Day guests of Mr. and
Mrs. John Howe.

Shower for East Bethel Teacher
Mrs. Myra Maxwell Foster was
given a variety shower at the home
of Mrs. Guy Bartlett a short time
ago when many friends and neigh-
bors gathered there waiting for
school to let out. An invitation was
given Mrs. Foster. On entering
with Miss Brooks she was much
surprised to find the room full of
guests.

She was given an envelope con-
taining the inscription, "A Bit of
Advice from the Gang." It con-
tained this verse, "Since you've
been gone we've all been sad, so
we've got you here to make us glad,
and if you follow instructions true,
a glad surprise will come to you.
By the first instructions don't be
mistled. Just go up and look under
Iva's bed."

On following instructions another
card with "Go down cellar and
look in furnace." Still another, with
"Go upstairs in Alta's room and
look on the shelf in the closet,"
and from there to "Go look in the
shed and look on the shelf," then
"Under Guy's pillow." From there
to "Go to the barn and look in the
grain box," from which she took a
large box containing presents
apiently. Ice cream and cake were
served after all the gifts had been
opened.

"For years we have been advised
to consult our banker regarding
any contemplated investment, but
looking over the field we are forced
to conclude that number of bad
guesses in the matter of invest-
ments rates about as high among
bankers as it does among the sup-
posedly less informed in financial
matters.

Maine farm women will speak
over the radio during the summer
on Thursdays at the following
hours for each station: WOSH,
Portland, 12:15 p. m.; WLBZ,
Bangor, 12 noon; WRDO, Augusta,
12:45 p. m.; and WAGM, Presque
Isle, 11:45 a. m. Home demon-
stration agents in each county have
assisted in arranging the schedule.

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Rockwood COCOA, 2 lb. can 22c
Sunshine POTATO CHIPS, 1 lb. 15c
RAISINS, 3 pkgs. 25c
Native ASPARAGUS, 1 1/2 lb. bunch 16c
LIGHT BULBS, 15-30-60 watt, 10c
Whole Wheat CRACKERS, pkg. 30c
DATES, 2 lb. pkg. 25c
PICKLED Limes, 24 oz. bottle 65c
OLIVE OIL, pts., qts. 50c-\$1.00
Glacier MINTS, 6 1/2 oz. 50c
S. S. Pierce GINGER ALE, 2 bottles 25c
JAR RUBBERS, pkg. 5c

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PHONE 114

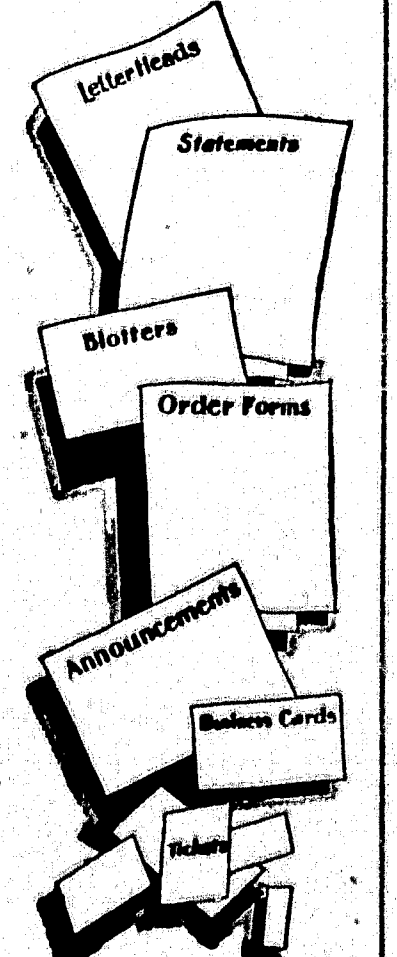
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be as pleasing as our
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The Oxford County Citizen
BETHEL, MAINE

WOODSTOCK

Mrs. George Abbott were on Saturday. Mrs. Abbott, Ada Abbott, and daughter, returned home with a visit over Memorial Day. Fuller has returned from a visit at Lewiston. He visited with her and family over the day. He went to West Paris on night to stay a week or so. He is still under the care of Dr. Kay.

James Knights was at one day last week and had teeth extracted. Mrs. Clinton Buck, Mr. James Knights and Everett were at South Paris Monday. Mrs. Smith and Herman Cole finished work on the road between Hill and have returned.

Alphus Coffin and children relatives at Milton over the day. Mrs. Cullen Abbott and Mrs. John Hemingway were at East Milton on Tuesday. Mrs. Irvin Fogg and Mr. Rita, were callers at Cole's on Monday evening. Mrs. Arthur Coffin visited parents on Sunday.

From this community at memorial exercises at Bryn on Tuesday afternoon. Eva Fuller was at Rumford on Monday.

LILSON'S MILLS

Littlehale, Delmont Floyd West left early Monday morning for Cupasupic Store where they are to meet a surveyor. They with other from Rangeley will lay out for the proposed new road Rangeley to Azischoos Dam. Started work on the State in town Monday.

Mrs. Cole and little Donald of Brewer spent day with their daughter, Ham Adams, and family. Bennett, Peter Littlehale and Ham Adams are at Parme building.

Littlehale was in Berlin morning with Clarence Buck. He is now working with it. There was a large attendance at services Sunday. Rev. Upton gave the sermon. Many and high school students were in church. Hermen seem to be having good luck on the river at

Mrs. Paul West of Berlin in town one day last week. Storey is gulling at

Old's Mill—Albany

Mrs. Clayton Hall and her daughter from Auburn and guests of Mrs. Hall's mother, Fred Littlefield. Mrs. McAllister is visiting Mrs. Willis McKeen at No. 1 for a while.

Mrs. Marian Dampus and her Sunday callers at Carver's. Mrs. Charles Stevens' daughter, Pauline, was Sunday at Mrs. Stevens' father's.

McAllister and three children were at his father's on Saturday. Logan is helping Preston some of his planting part week.

Jones tells us that some of the hardest work is the ones who follow the injunction "spend as much as they should have been on the rainy day on the way."

FRYEBURG BEATS GOULD IN NINTH

Fryeburg Academy defeated Gould Wednesday 5-4, coming from behind to score two runs in the last inning. The score was tied at two all for three innings, Fryeburg taking a 3-2 lead in the fourth only to lose it when Gould scored two runs in the eighth. Kilgour, visiting pitcher, hurled a great game allowing but five hits through the nine innings.

FRYEBURG	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Webster, cf	5	0	2	14	0	0
Porter, lf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Sezak, rf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Clemmons, ss	4	0	2	1	1	0
Sanborn, c	4	1	1	0	2	0
Martin, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	0
Shaw, 2b	4	0	2	1	0	0
Rolfe, 3b	3	1	0	1	1	0
Kilgour, p	4	1	1	0	5	1
Totals	37	5	13	27	9	1
GOULD	ab	r	h	po	a	e
D. Daniels, c	4	0	0	8	5	1
Martinson, ss	4	1	2	4	1	1
Glover, lf	3	1	1	1	1	1
P. Daniels, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Whitman, p	4	0	1	0	3	0
P. Browne, cf	4	0	0	4	0	0
T. Bartlett, 1b	3	1	0	5	0	0
Vail, 3b	3	1	1	1	3	1
McNally, 2b	2	0	0	4	0	0
Allen, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
R. Browne, 2b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	4	5	27	13	4

Two base hits—Sanborn, Stolen bases—Porter. Struck out—by Kilgour 13, Whitman 4, Base on balls—off Kilgour 1, Whitman 1. Left on bases—Fryeburg 9, Umpires—Lurvey and Bean. Time—2 hours.

GOULD DEFEATS RUMFORD 9-7

Bob Browne Hits One Against the Fence With Bases Loaded To Win Game

In a game filled with thrills, Gould Academy came thru with another victory over Rumford after an uphill battle. After the third inning Gould was behind 3-2 which margin was increased to 6-2 in the fourth inning. In the sixth inning after Glover had singled and P. Daniels walked, Allen drove out a hot single over the shortstop's head to score both runners and bring the count to 6-4. The big eighth inning, however, is what won the game. Martinson led off with a triple to left field which was followed by four more hits and two walks, including Bob Browne's drive to the right field fence while pinch hitting for McNally.

P. Browne was nicked for nine hits but tightened in the pinches, striking out batsmen at opportune times. In the seventh inning he retired the third, fourth and fifth men in the batting order by way of the strike out route.

Rowe, Rumford left-hander, pitched nice ball until the eighth inning when Gould staged its rally. Bennett led the attack for the losers with a double and two singles while Stewart and Glines hit home runs.

GOULD 200002050-9

RUMFORD 102200001-7

NO GENTLEMAN

"Mr. Garvin," a man asked his lawyer, "how is it that you have not called on me for my account?" "Oh I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How then do you get on if he doesn't pay?" "Why," replied the lawyer, hesitating, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman and then I ask him."

The happiest man is the man who has found his work and has attained a reasonable degree of efficiency in it. As a rule a man of this type is busy every minute. He has no time to loaf, no time to idle away. He is happiest when he is busy and most miserable when he has nothing to do.

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

The Commencement program of activities at Gould Academy will open Sunday, June 4th, at 3 p. m., with the Baccalaureate Services in the Congregational Church. Rev. Charles Helsey, pastor of the Auburn Congregational Church, will deliver the sermon. The graduation exercises and presentation of the class play, "The Masque of Psyche," will take place in the William Bingham Gymnasium Thursday morning, June 8th, at 10 a. m. The class play is an arrangement of scenes from seven Shakespearean plays written by Winifred A. Hope and published by Samuel French of New York City. An Alumni Luncheon and Reunion at the Marian True Gehring Students' Home is scheduled for one o'clock; and all who plan to attend are requested to meet at the Academy at 12.30. In the afternoon the baseball clash of the season will be staged; varsity versus alumni. The closing event of Commencement will be the reception of the graduating class to the alumni and friends of the Academy at the William Bingham Gymnasium in the evening. All exercises will be held on Daylight Time.

Declamations were given last week by Dorothy Foster, Philip Chapman, Cyril McNally, Stanley Brown, Charles Smith, Robert King, Norma Rolfe, Ruth Aubin, Mary Bean, Georgia Judkins, Herbert Morton, Grace Lowe, Richard Davis.

The Gould track team defeated Norway High School 63-1-2 to 53-2-3 in a track meet at Norway last Friday. Lane, Glover, Norris Brown, Captain Trafion Bartlett, and Daniels were leading point gatherers for Gould. Summary:

100 yard dash—Dunham, Norway; Bartlett, Norway; W. Brown, Norway. Time: 10.04.

220 yard dash—Dunham, Norway; N. Brown, Gould; W. Brown, Norway. Time: 23-2-10.

440 yard dash—N. Brown, Gould; R. Brown, Gould; French, Norway. Time: 55-2-10.

880 yard run—Tie, Lane, Glover, Gould; third, French, Norway. Time: 2.21.

1 mile run—Glover, Gould; Carter, Gould; Card, Norway.

120 yard low hurdles—J. Bartlett, Norway; T. Bartlett, Gould; Hill, Gould. Time: 14-4-10.

High jump—Hale, Gould; T. Bartlett, Gould; tie, Lane, Gould; Truman, Norway; Bartlett, Norway, tie for third. Height: 4.10.

Broad jump—Daniels, Gould; Dunham, Norway; E. Bartlett, Distance: 19 feet 1-2 inches.

Pole vault—Coffin, Norway; second, Howe, Norway; Vail, Gould. Height: 9 feet, 4 inches.

Hammer throw—Grover, Gould; Frost, Norway; Thurston, Gould. Distance: 113 feet, 3 1-2 inches.

Javelin—Hall, Norway; J. Bartlett, Norway. Distance: 129 feet.

Shot put—Frost, Norway; Jackson, Norway; T. Bartlett, Gould. Distance: 36 feet, 6 inches.

Discus—Lane, Gould; Daniels, Gould; Thurston, Gould. Distance: 96 feet, 7 inches.

GOULD 010000030-4

GOULD 200300021x-8

TYPEWRITE Quietly

any time . . . any place

THE New Remington

Noiseless Portable

Noiseless . . . and a writing quality unsurpassed by the finest office machines.

The Citizen Office

Entries for State of Maine Inter-scholastic Track and Field Championships to be held in the Portland Stadium on June 3:

100 yard dash—J. Thorpe, N. Brown.

220 yard dash—N. Brown, J. Thorpe, R. Walker.

440 yard run—S. Lane, N. Brown, R. Walker.

880 yard run—S. Lane, C. Glover, Mille—C. Glover, R. Carter.

High hurdles—T. Bartlett, D. Daniels.

Low hurdles—T. Bartlett, R. Browne, A. Hill.

High jump—T. Bartlett, N. Hale.

Broad jump—D. Daniels.

Pole vault—M. Vail.

Shot put—A. Hill, W. Grover.

Hammer Throw—F. Thurston, W. Grover.

Javelin—L. Hale, F. Thurston, J. Losier, R. Browne.

Discus—D. Daniels, S. Lane, F. Thurston.

The team will leave Bethel about 6.30 Saturday morning and will be accompanied by Mr. Crane, Mr. Fossett, and Mr. Anderson.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three, and by adjournment from day to day from the third Tuesday of said May.

The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1933, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

John K. Gill, late of Greenwood, deceased; petition for an allowance out of personal estate of said deceased, presented by Florence P. Gill, widow.

Witness, Peter M. MacDonald, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 16th day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three.

10p FRED W. ROWELL, Register.

"What do you plead?" the Commissioner asked.

"I plead guilty and waive the hearing."

"What do you mean, waive the hearing?"

"I means I don't want to hear no more 'bout it."

GOULD 8, GORHAM 4

Whitman Times Heavy Hitting Gorham Team With Six Hits

Gould Academy playing good ball behind the excellent pitching of Whitman, sent the heavy hitting Gorham team home with the short end of an 8-4 score. Both teams played "heads-up" ball and spectators were treated to a game filled with hard hitting, good fielding, and good pitching. Whitman was the star of the game, deserving much credit for holding the hardest hitting team in this section to six hits and striking out six men.

"Bud" Browne led the attack with a single, a double, and a triple, while D. Daniels, Glover, and P. Daniels gathered two hits apiece. Vail's triple in the fourth inning with Browne on second started a rally which netted three runs. D. Daniels continued to lead in scoring by crossing the plate for his 11th run of the season in the eighth inning.

Libby, visiting second baseman, was the only man to get more than one hit off Whitman. Sinclair, however, got the prettiest hit of the day when he lined one into the apple trees behind the student's home which netted him three bases. But for exceptionally fast fielding that hit would have easily been a home run.

GORHAM 010000030-4

GOULD 200300021x-8

Tried and Tested

For more than 25 years our influence and helpfulness has been recognized by the people of this community.

Our strong financial position is one of the many important factors.

Bethel National Bank

Bethel, Maine

It's the hammer--

hammer--

hammer!

Bumps, road shocks, steering strains mean tons of pressure at high speeds. You know what this means to a dry shackle or a vital steering connection! Wear, breakage may be—repairs—costs. Protect your car with

Mobilgrease

It won't squeeze out!

MILLER TIRES

Call and Ask about the FREE SERVICE.

Exide and Philco Batteries

13 Plate—\$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95. 15 Plate—\$6.95

Lord's Garage

BETHEL, MAINE

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolu-
tions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading
notices in town items, 10c per line.

Single copies of the Citizen are
one cent at the Citizen office and
also by
W. E. Bosserman, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Lawrence Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond
John Tebbets, Locke Mills
Vernon Inman, West Paris

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1933

WEST BETHEL

Mrs. Warren Martin of Harrison
and son Leon of South Paris were
guests of her sister, Mrs. Lottie
Hutchinson, one day last week.

Clever Bill had the misfortune to
cut his hand quite badly while cut-
ting seed potatoes. It required
several stitches to close the cut.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Cady of Gor-
ham, N. H., were guests of Mrs.
Estelle Goodridge last Monday.

Mr. Lou Hanchison of Portland
was in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jordan and
son Neville of Auburn were in
town Sunday, stopping on old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bradley of
Nashua were at the Grange Hall
Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Hutchinson of He-
bren was home over the holidays.

George Lapan of Albany was the
guest of his sister, Mrs. Carlton
Hampden, a few days last week.

Warren Bean has purchased a
truck from "W. Bennett."

Leon Hutchinson is on a camp-
ing trip at Houghton Lake.

Mrs. Paul Head and son John
and Miss Alice Barker were guests
of Mrs. Hutchinson at Rumford one
day last week.

A number of men from here are
at work for Marshall Hastings in
the Box.

Mrs. Fred Lovejoy has finished
work at the mill in Locke Mills.

The class entertainment which
was held at the Grange Hall last
Thursday evening was a decided
success and enjoyed by all who at-
tended.

Fred Scribner and daughter Beth
of Albany were guests of his sister,
Mrs. Cora Brown, Tuesday.

Clarence Bennett was in Portland
Monday.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

The Middle Intervale Farm Bu-
reau met with Mrs. Robert Satur-
day, May 27th. "Know Your Gro-
ceries" was the project and was
made very interesting by the H. H.
C. Allen Brewster.

Herbert Carter has been spend-
ing a few days at his home in Mid-
dle Intervale.

Augustus Carter had employment
last week at Moses Davis's.

Harold Bartlett took a trip to
Waterville last Thursday.

Harry Carter of Berlin called at
Mrs. Fannie Carter's Tuesday.

H. W. Kimball went to New
Hampshire Wednesday, called there
by the illness of his son, Lawrence
Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dean of Bellowa
Falls, Vt., were callers at Mrs. Fan-
nie Carter's Monday.

A man who has traveled both
roads tells me the road to success
is invariably up hill and is not kept
in condition easy for travel. But
that the road that leads to hell and
destruction is invariably kept in
good condition, well dragged and
always on the down hill grade.

The Actress Incognito

By H. IRVING KING

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
New York City

THESE was a touch of the the-
atrical about her as she passed
with her swinging gait down the
lobby of the hotel. Just a touch, not
a loud pronouncement. It was a
hotel on a Florida beach; a mod-
erate-priced, retiring, restful sort
of place, just suited to its patrons
who came year after year.

Of course, every year there were
a few new faces. This season the
new faces were those of Rosalie
Maltravers and Charles Burdick.
Rosalie was the girl with the the-
atrical touch about her and Charles
was the young man who sat watch-
ing her intently as she strode
through the hotel lobby.

It was whispered that she was a
celebrated actress down there in
cognito.

As for Charles Burdick, his man-
ner and clothes were so perfect that
it had been decided that he was a
young man of "wealth and fashion."

On the third evening after the
arrival of the perfectly equipped
and perfectly mannered Mr. Bur-
dick, he and the celebrated actress
incognito sat on the veranda of the
hotel.

"Somehow, do you know, Miss
Maltravers," said Charles, "your
face seems familiar to me. Now
where could I have seen you?"

Rosalie gave a little jump and
replied, "Oh, dear. It's no use for
me to try to hide away and just
retire. People will recognize me. I
may as well admit that I'm merely
an actress, and not quite retirement
in this delightful and obscure place
caused by my exciting work."

"Acting must be hard work," re-
plied Charles. "No wonder so many
actors and actresses suffer from
nervous breakdowns. May I go on
for as to ask your stage name?"

"Ah," laughed Rosalie, "that I may
not or will not tell you. It would
be all over the hotel in half an hour
and I should have to go. And
may I add that you yourself, Mr.
Burdick, appear to be somewhat of
a mystery, according to the gossip
of the hotel? Tell me your real
name?"

"Really," replied Charles, "I must
have my secrets as well as your
self. I, too, seek peace and not
publicity."

After that Charles and Rosalie
were together so much that every-
body in the resort considered the
affair settled.

Never, never had the guests at
the little hotel enjoyed their sojourn
there so much. They wrote off reams
of letters to their friends in the
North about it. The love-making of
Rosalie and Charles progressed rap-
idly, but after that first talk of their
they let the mystery of their real
identity stand as it was—as if there
was no mystery. It was it that all
other mysteries were swallowed up
in the mystery of love? Sometimes
Rosalie would have a moody spell;
at silently, evidently thinking deep-
ly and letting Charles do all the
talking.

One evening as they sat in the
hotel garden, the moon shining on
the sea and a gentle wind wafting
the Spanish moss upon the live oak
trees, Rosalie after one of these fits
of meditation said, "Charles, I am
almost tempted to tell you my real
name."

"You need not, dearest," replied
Charles, "unless you want to. It
makes no difference. It is you that
I care about. You are all the world
to me. You know it. Now, then,
will you marry me?"

Rosalie turned her head aside and
said softly, "What would your
wealthy family say to your marry-
ing an actress? In some quarters
there is still prejudice against the
stage, you know."

"Senseless," answered Charles.
"That sort of thing vanished long
ago. Again I ask, will you marry
me?"

"When I have told you who I
am, if you will want me, I will."
"Don't bother," replied Charles.
"I know who you are. You are that
demure little stenographer who
works for Hayden and Blankford in
the Magnum building and are
down here taking a vacation, the
first in years. I have often seen
you in the elevator, or passed you

in the hall, but you never would
look at me."

"You horrid thing," sobbed Rosa-
lie. "Why didn't you tell me you
knew me at once and not let me
make a fool of myself passing as an
actress. But you needn't think your-
self so smart. You are that young
lawyer who has an office on the top
floor and I have known you all
along. But I didn't imagine that you
knew me. And, oh, I always did
long to be an actress."

"You are a perfect actress, dar-
ling," replied Charles soothingly,
"but as you remarked when we first
met down here, good acting is a
great strain on the nervous system.
What say, Miss Ruth Matthews—
shall we go back to New York and
get married? Business is pretty
good with me; you won't have to
work any more."

Of course, Ruth, alias Rosalie,
eventually said yes. But at the same
time she told Charles that she doubt-
ed if she ever could really forgive
him for the way he had deceived
her in Florida.

SONGO POND

Mr. and Mrs. Bill DeCosta of So.
Paris called at Floyd Kimball's
Sunday.

Floyd Kimball, Urbain Decomier,
and Albert Kimball and Clayton
Kendall of West Bethel were in
Lewiston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayman and daugh-
ter of Waterford have moved into
Charles Kimball's rent that used
to be the Ed Good place.

E. O. Donahue is helping Carl
Penley with his farming.

George Brown has finished his
work for A. B. Kimball and has re-
turned to West Bethel with his
family.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kimball and
daughter and Kermit Sweeney were
callers at Mr. and Mrs. George
Brown's Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Palmer, the superin-
tendent of schools, was a business
visitor at Leslie Kimball's one day
last week.

Mrs. Mary Brown, Mrs. Beatrice
Grover and Little Leland Brown
were callers at Mrs. Rose Penley's
and Mrs. Floyd Kimball's last
week.

Mrs. Wendell Barker and son
Herbert called on Mrs. Edward
Lapham Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Inman and
family have moved to their home
at the town house.

Zenas Merrill, Ina Good, Cella
Gorman and daughter were in town
Monday night.

Fred Murphy is shingling for A.
B. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thompson an-
son and Charlie Conner called on
Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kimball and
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kimball one
evening last week.

Arroostook County with a total
value of crops and livestock of
\$34,597,323 holds second place
among all counties in the United
States according to a list compiled
by the Bureau of the Census based
on 1929 valuations. Los Angeles
county, California, is first with
\$49,766,977. With the exception of
Yakima, Washington, Lancaster,
Pennsylvania, and Arroostook, the
fourteen counties heading the list
are in California.

NEW EVENING DRESSES \$5.98

New Line of
WASH SILKS, \$1.98

WHITE COATS \$3.95
\$5.95

WHITE HATS, \$1.00 and \$1.75

MRS. HARRY LYON'S

Main Street, Bethel

EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Orveng Millett of
South Paris were Memorial Day
guests of G. K. Hastings and fam-
ily.

Exercises were held at the church
Memorial Day conducted by Rev.
Elwyn Parlin and the school chil-
dren.

The drama, "Deacon Dubbs," was
presented Friday night at the
Grange Hall and was met with a
large attendance, as also was the
dance which followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bean of Bellowa
Falls, Vt., and Ben Kimball were
Memorial Day guests of Mr. and
Mrs. John Howe.

Shower for East Bethel Teacher
Mrs. Myra Maxwell Foster was
given a variety shower at the home
of Mrs. Guy Bartlett a short time
ago when many friends and neigh-
bors gathered there waiting for
school to let out. An invitation was
given Mrs. Foster. On entering
with Miss Brooks she was much
surprised to find the rooms full of
guests.

She was given an envelope con-
taining the inscription, "A Bit of
Advice from the Gang." It con-
tained this verse, "Since you've
been gone we've all been sad, so
we've got you here to make us glad
and if you follow instructions true
a glad surprise will come to you.
By the first instructions don't be
misled. Just go up and look under
Iva's bed."

On following instructions another
card with "Go down cellar and
look in furnace." Still another, with
"Go upstairs in Alta's room and
look on the shelf in the closet,"
and from there to "Go look in the
shed and look on the shelf," then
"Under Gus's pillow." From there
to "Go to the barn and look in the
grain box," from which she took a
large box containing presents
aplenty. Ice cream and cake were
served after all the gifts had been
opened.

For years we have been advised
to consult our banker regarding
any contemplated investment, but
looking over the field we are forced
to conclude that number of bad
guesses in the matter of invest-
ments rates about as high among
bankers as it does among the sup-
posedly less informed in financial
matters.

Maine farm women will speak
over the radio during the summer
on Thursdays at the following
hours for each station: WCSH,
Portland, 12:15 p. m.; WLBZ,
Bangor, 12 noon; WRDO, Augusta,
12:45 p. m.; and WAGM, Presque
Isle, 11:45 a. m. Home demon-
stration agents in each county have
assisted in arranging the schedule.

Quality GROCERIES

AT
Economy Prices

Specials for One Week

Rockwood COCOA, 2 lb. can 22c
Sunshine POTATO CHIPS, 1 lb. 45c
RAISINS, 3 pkgs. 25c

Native ASPARAGUS, 1 1/2 lb. bunch 10c
LIGHT BULBS, 15-30-60 watt, 10c
Whole Wheat CRACKERS, pkg. 30c

DATES, 2 lb. pkg. 25c
PICKLED LINES, 24 oz. bottle 68c
OLIVE OIL, pts. qtr. 50c-\$1.00
Glacier MINTS, 6 1/2 oz. 50c

S. S. Pierce GINGER ALE, 2 bottles 25c

JAR RUBBERS, pkg. 5c

L.W. Ramsell Co.

PHONE 114

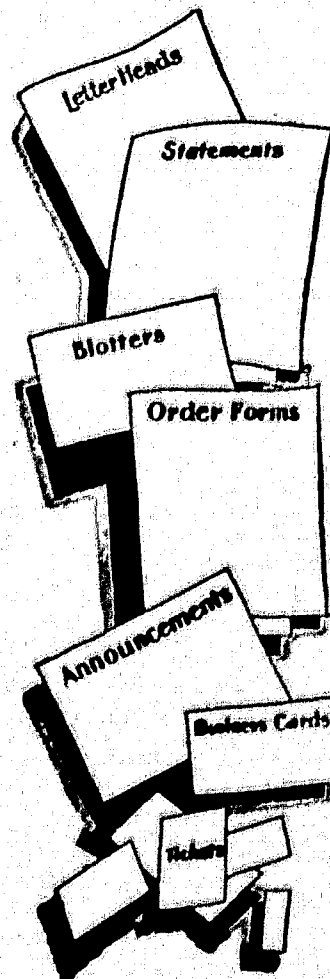
Who's Your Printer?

Does YOUR printer give
you the kind of printing
that your requirements de-
mand?

The co-operation of your
printer may be of surpris-
ing value to you, even on
commonplace work.

Many people who appreci-
ate good printing are our
regular customers. No
piece of work is too small
to create a good impres-
sion.

Let us help you with your
printing problems. Our
prices and promptness will
be as pleasing as our
printing.



The Oxford County Citizen

BETHEL, MAINE

ORTH WOODS

Mr. and Mrs. George Al-
asco on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John He-
lazel, returned home
for a visit over Mem-
orial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton J.
Fuller has returned
from a visit over Mem-
orial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. John He-
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for a visit over Mem-
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THE MAY DAY MYSTERY

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Copyright by Octavus Roy Cohen. WNU Service.

"I see. . . And how did Miss Peyton happen to pick that particular day to tell him?"

"Because—well, it happened this way, Mr. Hanvey." She walked to a window and motioned him to join her. "You see, all the college buildings are on a hill here. Way over yonder on that big hill is the women's dormitory. When you walk over there you go down the hill beyond the Bowl and pass through a pretty little patch of woods. There's a place down there all kinds of closed in—everybody knows it. It's called the Bower and couples go there lots of times. It's a sort of college rule never to go in there when someone else is there. I mean not to go in when you hear somebody."

"Tony Peyton was coming from the dormitory and Pat and I were there. Tony Peyton eavesdropped and then busted right in on us. She—she gave Pat the devil."

"I see. . . But what business was it of hers?"

"The face which Ivy lifted to Hanvey was a study in bewilderment. 'I don't know!'"

"Didn't she say?"

"No. Of course I could tell that there was something between Tony and Pat; or, anyway, there had been. Tony was awful sore, and Pat was mad. He told Tony to mind her own business and that if she butted in on him she'd be starting something she couldn't stop. Tony said he ought to be ashamed of himself because I was such a kid, and he said he'd do what—what he d—n pleased."

"And you?"

"I just stood there. It seemed like I was an outsider. I hadn't ever seen Pat mad, and I never thought Tony could get so sore."

"It was a real fuss?"

"Yes, sir. I think Tony must be crazy about him, and she was jealous. Anyway, I mean she acted just like that."

"You didn't get any hint—from either Pat or Miss Peyton—what there was or had been, between them?"

"No, sir."

"And you think Miss Peyton told your brother that he ought to do something about it?"

"Yes. . . Larry is crazy about her. He didn't act nice. He said I'd

She seemed startled. "Not so much enough to kill anybody, Mr. Hanvey. Don't you understand: Larry isn't that kind at all. Maybe he could have quarreled with Pat and had a fight. . . although I never have known Larry ever to do that. But, anyway, he could have beat Pat up. He never would have used a knife."

"Do you know if he and Miss Peyton are engaged?"

"I don't think so. I mean, I think Larry would like to be, but I'm sure Tony was crazy about Pat Thayer."

"Mmm! Did you tell your brother that you and Pat were engaged?"

"Sure I did."

"Did you mention that Thayer was wearing your diamond ring?"

"No. I just didn't remember. I wasn't scared to tell him, though."

"I don't believe you were. . . Tell me: Would Larry have been likely to recognize that ring? Did he know it pretty well?"

"Yes, sir. It was my mother's."

"Larry went to see him to make him stay away from you. He was mad when he went. Yet you think he didn't kill Thayer?"

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Hanvey. Larry couldn't stab a man. Anyone would tell you that."

"They have," admitted Jim. "And they've told me the same thing about Miss Peyton and Max Vernon." He rose ponderously. "I'm much obliged, Miss Welch. You've been a darn good sport and you've helped a heap."

"Will you tell me the truth about one thing, Mr. Hanvey? Have I helped my brother, or hurt him?"

Jim smiled a broad, lazy smile. "You've helped him, Ivy. I give you my word on that. You see, for the first time I got a little of the truth."

He watched her as she opened the door. He saw her give a start, and her slim figure stiffened.

"You!" she cried sharply.

"Yes, it's me," answered Reagan from the hallway.

"You've been listening?"

"No, I haven't. Honest, I've just been waiting for Jim Hanvey."

Ivy withered him with a glance and stalked off down the hall. Reagan entered the room grinning.

"Any luck, Jim?"

"Plenty."

"Got any hunches?"

"Yes."

"Against who?"

Hanvey chuckled. "Everybody," he answered. Then: "Did you see Vernon?"

"I did."

"Show him the knife?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said," answered Reagan, "that the knife is his!"

CHAPTER X

THEY spoke briefly to the dean and left the building together. Below them was the Bowl: long concrete stand on either side, cinder path circling the diamond; men in track suits looping easily around the oval or practicing field sports; the regulars indulging in a practice game against the freshman baseball team. Under the trees were a half hundred cars; some empty, some occupied by youthful couples; the stands held perhaps a hundred students and through the woods one could glimpse couples—usually of mixed gender—walking slowly and talking earnestly.

They slowly descended the hill toward the Psi Tau Theta fraternity house where Reagan's car was parked. Students eyed them curiously and buzzed with conjecture. Hanvey was relaxed. He was thinking—and Reagan was bitterly disappointed because he didn't seem more excited about his disclosure regarding the ownership of the knife which had been used to kill Paterson Thayer. He was even a trifle hurt, though he wouldn't say so. He attempted to elicit a comment from Hanvey—and went at his task circuitously.

"You and the kid seemed to get along fine, Jim."

"Yes, Welch? Say, she's a regular, John."

"Darn little cat. If you ask me, did everything but scratch my eyes out."

"You don't say. I reckon she must have a weak spot for a poor old fat feller like me."

"Ten to one she didn't tell you anything."

"Gimme the ten, John. She told me plenty."

"What?" Doubtfully.

"We—ell, she said that she and Pat Thayer were engaged. Thayer and Max Vernon quarreled just before Thayer was killed. Thayer and Miss Peyton had a run-in because he was shinin' up to Ivy Welch. Then Ivy and her brother had a row, and he left her with the intention of seeing Thayer and ordering him to lay off."

"She knew we had all that dope already."

"Maybe she did, John—and then, again, maybe she didn't. Anyway, it was refreshing to get it from somebody who ain't accused of this killing. Allowing for the fact that she'd maybe try to shield her brother. I don't think she's got a thought in the world except to help us catch the person who really killed Thayer."

His eyes closed slowly. "She sure was in love with the guy."

"Kid stuff!"

Hanvey turned slowly and regarded Reagan for a minute.

"I think that's the same mistake everybody made when they thought of her in connection with Thayer. All they said was: Kid stuff."

Reagan's eyes narrowed.

"What you driving at, Jim?"

"Nothin' special. Just ramblin' in my speech as usual. Only remember this, John—when a girl of seventeen falls in love, it ain't kid stuff to her, no matter what it seems like to other folks. I think maybe everybody would have done better to realize that Ivy Welch was a woman grown. Get me?"

"No!" exploded Reagan. "I don't. What do you mean?"

Hanvey shrugged. "Durned if I know," he confessed.

Then: "So Max Vernon admitted that was his knife, eh, John?"

"Yes."

"Did he see the blood on it before he made that admission?"

"I—I, no, chief. I ain't that dumb. I had the blade covered when I showed it to him. I asked him if he'd ever seen it before and he said, sure, it was his. I said: 'You couldn't be mistaken about that, could you?' and he said he certainly could not. Then I told him he'd put his foot in right, because that was the knife that killed Pat Thayer and I showed him the bloody blade."

"And what did he say?"

Reagan shook his head. "He said he didn't give a d—n if it had killed Thayer or not, he didn't have anything to do with it. It's a darn fresh kid, Jim—and hasn't told the truth about anything since I first stuck him in the housegown. Let's go over and have a talk with him. What say?"

"Not yet, John. Let's go to the undertaker who's got Thayer's body. I want to take a look at it."

"Come ahead," Reagan stepped into his car and Jim crawled in on the other side.

"Any of Thayer's family down here?" asked Hanvey.

"A sister. Seems to be a pretty nice sort, but she won't talk much. I got a hunch that he was always a sort of bad egg, Jim. And, of course, a feller can't press that kind of an investigation too strong with a man's sister when he's lying dead in the next room."

"Gosh, no." They turned into Marland road and sped along under the spreading shade trees which lined the paving on both sides.

"John," asked Hanvey suddenly, "when you searched Thayer's room did you find any jewelry?"

"Nothing but a watch and chain."

"No diamond ring?"

"Sure not. What gave you the idea? Just because I overlooked Max Vernon's knife you haven't got any right to think I'd miss that sort of stuff everywhere."

"Aw, now, John—don't you go gettin' peeved at me. I just asked you a question friendly-like, and—"

"I ain't peeved, Jim. But dog-gone it! You seem to have more ideas and less words than anybody I ever saw."

Jim chuckled. "Don't mind me, kid. I'm just dumb, and the less I say the smaller chance there is of anyone finding it out."

John Reagan laughed.

"Kid yourself, Jim—if you want to," he said. "But don't try to kid me."

At their destination, the undertaker conducted them into the cubicle where Thayer's body was being held under police orders. Hanvey

was frankly frightened by the sight of death, and didn't even look at the body as Reagan gave a clinical dissertation on the killing.

"Right in the neck," he was saying and the voice came to Hanvey as though from a distance.

"The doc says it severed the jugular vein which is why there was so much blood. I asked him would it need to have been struck by a person with any strength and he said no, in that spot the slightest shove of a keen knife would do the work."

I asked him if a woman could have done it, and he said, sure, a child could have. Then I asked the doc—"

"Tell me that later," suggested Hanvey hastily. "I want to get out of this place quick."

"Good Lord, Jim—if you didn't want to look things over, what did you come here for?"

"To find that diamond ring. You see, John—at the time Pat Thayer was killed, he was wearing a diamond ring which Ivy Welch had given him. I want to see if he's still wearing it."

Reagan bent over the body. When he straightened his expression was one of complete bewilderment.

"You sure you got your dope straight, Jim?"

"Yeh."

"Then there's something darn funny—because Thayer ain't got anything on his fingers except a signet ring with some foreign letters on it."

Hanvey turned reluctant eyes on the body.

"It's gone all right, John."

"I'll say it has," Reagan's forehead was creased with intensive thought. Suddenly he smashed his right fist into the palm of his other hand. "And you know what it means, Jim—that diamond ring being gone?"

"What does it mean, John?"

"Just this: Thayer was alive when Larry Welch went to see him. Larry saw the ring and knew what it meant. He had it out with Thayer and killed him. Then he took his sister's ring off Thayer's finger because he knew if he left it there it could be traced back to her. Am I right?"

"Durned if I know, John. But whether you are or not, you sure sound reasonable."

The Marland jail looked forbiddingly against the full moon of a perfect May night. Citizens of Marland were proud of their jail; of its staunch concrete walls, of its marble portico, of the heavy iron bars which proclaimed to an erring world that it would do well not to err here.

Jim Hanvey stood at the curb and commented in complimentary fashion on the building, thereby bringing a thrill to the heart of the local detective. Then they walked through the big gates and thence to the warden's office. The big man was to have access to the prisoners at any time. The warden conducted the two men to the little room which was occupied by Antoinette Peyton.

She rose as they entered; a trim, womanly figure in a dark blue dress. She showed signs of the strain; there were faint circles under the eyes and it was plain that she was making an effort to remain calm. Reagan introduced Hanvey and all three seated themselves.

"You understand, Miss Peyton," said Hanvey quietly, "you don't have to talk if you don't want to."

"I have no objections to talking," she answered calmly.

"Good. I shall have to ask questions which might be kind of—well—direct. Is that all right?"

"Yes."

He liked her cool, quiet, straightforward manner. It was as though she had nothing to hide and nothing to fear.

The big man reached for the golden toothpick and clicked it open. It seemed impossible for him to talk unless his pudgy fingers were busy with that ghastly instrument.

"I'm not going to waste your time with a lot of silly questions, Miss Peyton. I reckon I could start at the beginning and check up with you on all the things I know already just to see if you'd tell me the same story. But I won't."

"Thank you," said Tony gratefully.

"I'm only going to ask you about those things that nobody else can tell me." A broad, engaging grin split Jim's lips. "That's fair enough, ain't it?"

"Yes. . . She found herself warming to this big man. He seemed honest; genuinely, deeply honest."

"I know," continued Jim softly, "that you overheard a sort of love scene between Mr. Thayer and Ivy Welch. You butted in, and a general row followed. It don't matter just what was said. The point is that you and Thayer and Ivy were all sore, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Now the first important thing I've got to find out is this, Miss Peyton: What was your relationship

to Pat Thayer? What I mean is: What right had you howling him out for making love to another girl?"

Tony's face flushed, and, for an instant, her eyes flashed. She answered rather coldly:

"I think you're presuming a good deal, aren't you, Mr. Hanvey?"

"No, ma'am. Honest, I ain't as dumb as I look. I know there was something between you and Thayer. Maybe it was jealousy—maybe something else. But it's awful important that I find out."

"Why?"

"Because if I don't know the truth, I've got to figure things my own way. You see there's a sort of link in the chain that's got to be welded. . . and one of the most important things is what there was between you and Thayer."

"I don't see. . ."

"I'm sorry if you don't," pleaded Hanvey, "because it ain't helping nobody for you not to tell me the truth. Even if I know the truth it couldn't hurt you any worse than having me think things. That is, unless you really killed him yourself—"

"Good G—d!"

"I didn't say you did. But listen, Miss Peyton: Put yourself in my place. What do I find out: You run across Thayer making love to a pretty little blond. You give him thunder—and it's clear there's something between you. At the end of that interview you're threatening each other. Then a little later you walk straight up to Thayer's room in the fraternity house and a little while after you leave they find him dead. Could the real truth hurt you much worse than that?"

Tony rose and walked the length of her cell. Then she stood in front of Jim Hanvey and gazed intently into his round face and kindly gray eyes.

"I feel that I should speak frankly. I—I have a hunch that you're not trying to trick me."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. And you've got me right: I swear you have."

She bit her lip, then spoke sharply. "You are wondering how I dared to go to Mr. Thayer's room in the fraternity house when I knew it would start the whole campus gossiping, aren't you. Therefore you know I had a good reason for going there?"

"That's it, Miss Peyton. Because no matter what you went for, or what happened after you got there, it was a clutch that you were going to start the whole campus talking."

"That," announced Tony bravely, "is precisely why I went there."

"To start gossip?"

"Just that."

—To be continued—



"What Right Had You Howling Him Out for Making Love to Another Girl?"



"Mmm! Did You Tell Your Brother That You and Pat Were Engaged?"

have to quit going with Pat. I said I wouldn't, and he said he'd see that I did."

Jim's eyes were half closed. His voice came in a slow, disinterested drawl.

"And then he told you he was going over to see Thayer, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was about half past one?"

"I think so."

"He was real sore when he left you, wasn't he?"

EARS AGO

citizen of June 4, 1933

ers' Monument Memorial Day. Over the procession which in the Academy around the road and Main Street. "The procession led by Maj. Adeline Newark, N. J., mounted comrades by A. S. Chapman, F. L. Edwards, gallant Col. C. S. ed, and as unmounted I. C. Jordan, A. Bean, and Post H. Hutchinson." Commander A. H. Bowler, A. M. E. Putnam, Maj. and Maj. Adeline

SCHOOL BANK REP

Week of May 22

av. Bank Total

Primary School

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Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Dave's Fruit Store, Stock and fixtures at a very low price. Reason for selling, death in family. 8p

FOR SALE—Tomato plants at 35c per dozen, also Pepper, Cabbage, Raspberry and Blackberry plants, Muscovy Duck Eggs, 50c a dozen. A. R. MASON. 9

FOR SALE—17 acres cleared land on State road, about 2 miles from Bethel village. Price \$400. J. J. SPINNEY, Bethel, Phone 104-15. 9

FOR SALE—Cottage lots and shore property on Lake Twitchell, Greenwood, and Lake Christopher, Bryants Pond, Maine. B. R. BILLINGS, Bryant Pond, Maine. 21c

WHILE THEY LAST—I will install range burners that you will like as follows: \$12.50, \$15.50, \$18.50 and \$25.50. I also have a few good used ranges for sale very cheap. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant Pond, Me. 40

Miscellaneous

GUNS, Rifles, Ammunition and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged. H. I. BEAN, Fur Buyer and Lumber Dealer, Bethel, Maine. 24c

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will be in Bethel early in June. Orders with F. J. Tyler or write Box 6, Auburn, Me. 8

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

L. A. Edwards, Pastor
9:30 Church School. We hope to have all pupils of all ages present as we are to complete arrangements for our Children's Day Program which occurs on Sunday morning, June 11th at 9:30.
11:00 There will be no preaching service.
3:00 Baccalaureate Service. Rev. Charles Halsey will preach the sermon.

METHODIST CHURCH

R. G. Dalkott, Pastor
"Daylight Saving Time"
9:45 Sunday School. Supt. Evans Wilson
11:00 Morning Worship. Topic, "Religion and Children." This service is dedicated to the children. Parents who desire their children to be baptized may bring them to this service.
6:30 Epworth League
7:30 Evening Service.
7:30 Tuesday evening. Prayer service.

Please keep in mind June 11, Sunday morning, when the Rev. H. A. Hanson of India will show pictures and tell of his work in the mission field.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon "God the Only Cause and Creator."
Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold King were in Portland Tuesday.

WEST PARIS

Mr. and Mrs. Elroy Davis are visiting Mrs. Davis' relatives in Lewiston.

Mrs. S. T. White, Misses Della and Minnie Lane, Mrs. Mabel Mann, Mrs. Richard Wagar, Mrs. Martha Kendall, and Mrs. Lena Herrick attended the county convention of the W. O. T. U. at Norway last Thursday.

Joseph T. Bryant was taken to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston last Thursday for the removal of a piece of meat from his throat. He was visiting his stepdaughter, Miss Margaret Peabody, when the accident happened. Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes officiated at two funerals in Canton last week.

The Friendly Class of the Universalist Sunday School held their monthly meeting in Good Will Hall last Thursday afternoon. A very pleasant afternoon was passed, an excellent program being given by the Willing Workers of South Woodstock, as follows:
Singing, America, by all
West Paris news—Old Black Joe Monologue
In the Garden—Duet
Concert
Negro song in costume. Swanee River

A buffet lunch was enjoyed. The committee in charge were Mrs. Harlan Andrews, Mrs. Frank Andrews, Mrs. Anna Emery, Miss Minnie Stevens.

Mrs. Clarence Stevens was called to Locke Mills last week by the illness and death of Mrs. Mary Hobbs.

Mrs. Clara Nelson and Mrs. Dora Jackson spent last week in Portland, guests of Mrs. L. H. Penley.

Miss Gertrude Emery entertained her Sunday School class of young girls from the Universalist Sunday School.

Lovell Chandler has moved his family from Mrs. I. L. Bowker's house to their home at Black Mountain.

West Paris Grange held a memorial service for deceased members Friday evening. The next meeting will be observed at ladies' night.

Mr. Frank P. Knight, Jr. has returned home from the Eye and Ear Infirmary. She is improving in health.

Mrs. Frances Kimball is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, at Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Doughty and two sons and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hadley and son went to Auburn to see the fire ruins.

Mrs. Leon Doughty and son Leonard are stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Noyes.

Molly Ockett Encampment entertained the district meeting Tuesday evening. There was a very large attendance.

The second brewing company to be organized in Maine since the legislature passed beer legalizing measures, the Eldredge Brewing Co. Inc. of Kittery, had its incorporation papers approved last Wednesday. Under the legislature licensing bill, beer manufacturers must pay the State \$2,500 annually.

SOUTH BETHEL

William Mason, Carlton Thurlow from Chandler Hill, Charles and Alfred Mason were at Bethel Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Gerald Walker and son Ronald from South Paris spent the past week with Mrs. Agnes Walker. Carl Brooks from Rowe Hill spent Saturday night and Sunday evening with his uncle, Frank Brooks and family.

Clyde Stevens worked one day last week for Alfred Mason. Mrs. William Mason and son, Donald, from Chandler Hill visited in town one day last week.

Frank Harthorne has been working for Henry Hall and Frank Brooks.

Clyde Stevens worked for William Mason on Chandler Hill one day last week.

James Tibbetts and daughter, Mrs. Gerald Walker, went to South Paris Saturday to get Gerald Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Harthorne and daughter, Rita, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harthorne over the week end.

Will Cross from Howe Hill was at Frank Brooks' Sunday forenoon.

Mrs. Raymond Harthorne and daughter, Rita, have gone to stay with her mother, Mrs. Maud Chapman at Bethel as Mr. Harthorne is away in one of the government forestry camps.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks visited his brothers, Lamont Brooks and family and Ernest Brooks and family, on Rowe Hill Sunday afternoon.

Quinn Allen and two grandchildren from Woodstock were in town Monday.

Mrs. Mae House and sister, Harry Johns and two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. James House were callers at Mrs. Gerald Walker's on Sunday.

Henry Brooks and son Ellsworth from West Paris were at his brother's Frank Brooks', Monday to see about a job.

Raymond Harthorne moved his furniture Sunday out of the rent which he has been occupying for some time and has put it in his father's house.

In spite of the cold frosty nights the farmers are busy plowing and planting their gardens in hopes of some warm weather. The apple trees are heavily loaded with sweet-scented blossoms which will soon be falling.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks were at Locke Mills Saturday afternoon. John Howe, who is working for George Clark at Locke Mills, was at the home of Mrs. Agnes Walker one evening last week.

William Mason worked for Alfred Mason one day last week helping Clyde Stevens to plow.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses during the illness and death of our loved one and for the many beautiful flowers received, also Rev. Edwards for his words of comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilson Burke
Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Forbes.

HERE AND THERE IN MAINE

The Eagle Beverage and Products Co., the officers of which are Louis Cohen of Rumford, president, and Alberto E. Davis of Mexico, treasurer, has been incorporated to engage in the manufacture of beer if and when that becomes legal.

The president of the Bangor Publishing Co., Fred D. Jordan, has been elected director of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, succeeding the late Allen Hammond of Van Buren, who died last March.

Charles O. McMann of Orono was arrested Tuesday, charged with embezzling \$3,000 from the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. McMann is a former assistant station agent at East Millinocket and an employee of the line for 25 years. He left the employ of the railroad last March.

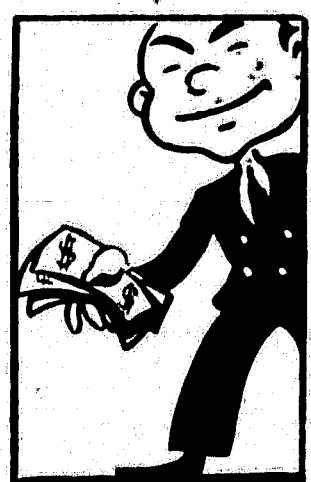
The twelve year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Grindle of Penobscot was almost instantly killed last week when he attempted to jump on the side of a State highway truck. He slipped off the rear end of the machine and was crushed beneath the wheel.

President Roosevelt and party have wired for reservations at the Hotel East at Bangor for the week of June 10. Upon receipt of the wire citizens of Bangor began elaborate plans for a celebration.

Eleven camp sites have been selected in Maine for the Maine forestry camps. They are one each in Aroostook, Franklin, Piscataquis and York counties and two each in Penobscot, Somerset and Washington counties. These camps are to house 2,500 men for at least six months. The men will engage in white pine blister rust, gypsy moth control, build trails and telephone lines and plant trees.

One way we look at it, it is a good thing prices are low during this period of unemployment. If food prices were high there would be great suffering. On the other hand, if the farmers were receiving good prices for wheat they raise they would be able to buy more manufactured products and thus give more employment at better wages. This thing of making everyone prosperous is no easy job.

TYPEWRITERS TO LET OR SELL
THE CITIZEN OFFICE



Born

In South Paris, May 27, to wife of Charles W. Noyes of Norway, a daughter.

In Norway, May 23, to the wife of Garfield J. Judkins, a son, Garfield James.

In Norway, May 18, to the wife of Ralph E. Farrington, a son, Ralph Thomas.

In Norway, May 20, to the wife of Lewis G. Knightly, a daughter, Betty Lorraine.

Died

In Bethel, May 25, Mark Traflet, aged 82 years.

In South Portland, May 28, Dr. I. Brown, a native of Bethel, aged 72 years.

In Rumford, May 21, Mrs. Gertrude Bernier, aged 84 years.

In Dixfield, May 24, Mrs. Alma Willoughby, aged 87 years.

In Norway, May 19, Mrs. E. Yeaton, aged 82 years.

In Rumford, May 24, Mrs. A. M., widow of John Stevens, aged 43 years.

In Oxford, May 23, Mrs. Clementine T., widow of Samuel J. R. ord, aged 83 years.

In East Sumner, May 26, Eppie C. Bosworth, aged 66 years.

In Locke Mills, May 26, Mrs. Abbie H. Trask, aged 82 years.

Wingate F. Cram, treasurer of Bangor & Aroostook railroad, aged 43, died Friday when he was struck by a locomotive while crossing the tracks near Moosehead Lake. He was on his way to work on the tracks. The locomotive was pulling a train of coal cars. Mr. Cram was knocked unconscious. His hands, hair, and face were badly burned.

ODEON HALL, BETHEL

Saturday Night, June 3

Paramount Presents

ZANE GREY'S

"Heritage of the Desert"

Cartoon — Sound New

BEGINS AT 8:25, FAST TIME

Children 20c Adults 35c

Every Saturday Night A Jig-Saw

Puzzle Will Be Given With Each Ticket

Locke Mills Town Hall
Wednesday, June 7

Ethel May Shorey
and Her Company of Players
in
"SILENT SINNERS"

in actual dollars and cents to give your car regular lubrication. Do not wait for the first squeak or groan—it isn't safe. And your car and purse both suffer if you do not see what our washing and greasing service offers you.

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